

The Historie

*Prin.* I, and marke thee too, Iacke.

*Fals.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fals.* Their points being broken.

*Poin.* Downe fell his hose.

*Fals.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in, foot, and hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two!

*Fals.* But as the deuill would haue it, three misbegotten knaues in Kendall greene came at my backe, and let driue at me, for it was so darke, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets the, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horseforn obscene greasie tallow-catch,

*Fals.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the trueth the trueth?

*Prin.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou could'st not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason. What sayest thou to this?

*Poin.* Come your reason, Iacke, your reason.

*Fals.* What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the worlde, I would not tel you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plentie as blacke-berries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prince.* He be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bedpreller, this horse-backe-breaker, this huge hull of flesh.

*Fa.* Zbloud you starueling, you elskin, you dried neatstoing, you bulspizzel, you stockfish: O for breath to vtter, what is like thee? you tailers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tuck.

*Prin.* Wel, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tired thy selfe in base coparisons, heare me speake, but this.

*Poyner.* Marke, Iacke.

*Prin.* We two saw you foure set on foure, & bound them, and were masters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe, then did wee two set on you foure, and with a worde,

of Hen

worde, outface you from your it you here in the house: and way as nimbly, with as quicke stil run and roare, as euer I hea to hacke thy sword as thou ha What trickes? what deuice? find out, to hide thee from th

*Poin.* Come, let's heare. Iac

*Fals.* By the Lord, I knew Why, heare you, my masters parant: should I turne vpon est, I am as valiant, as Hercu will not touch the true Princ a coward on instinct, I shall chee, during my life; I, for a Prince: but, by the Lord, lad Hostesse, clap to the doores, gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of ship come to you. What, a play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the arg

*Fa.* A, no more of that, Ha

*Ho.* O Iesu, my Lord the P

*Prin.* How now, my lady th

*Ho.* Marry, my L, there is a would speake with you: he fa

*Prin.* Giue him as much, as send him backe againe to my

*Fal.* What maner of man is

*Ho.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth granitic ou giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee do, Iacke. Fa

*Prin.* Now sirs, birlady you did you Bardol, you are lions you will not touch the true P

*Bar.* Faith, I ran, when I fa